Just when you thought it was safe to sleep with the light off!

65p

Australia $1.60, New Zealand $2.05 (inc GST), Malaysia $4.25.

SCREAM!

HOLIDAY SPECIAL



SO SCARY... YOU'LL HOPE IT'S A NIGHTMARE!

NOT FOR THE NERVOUS!

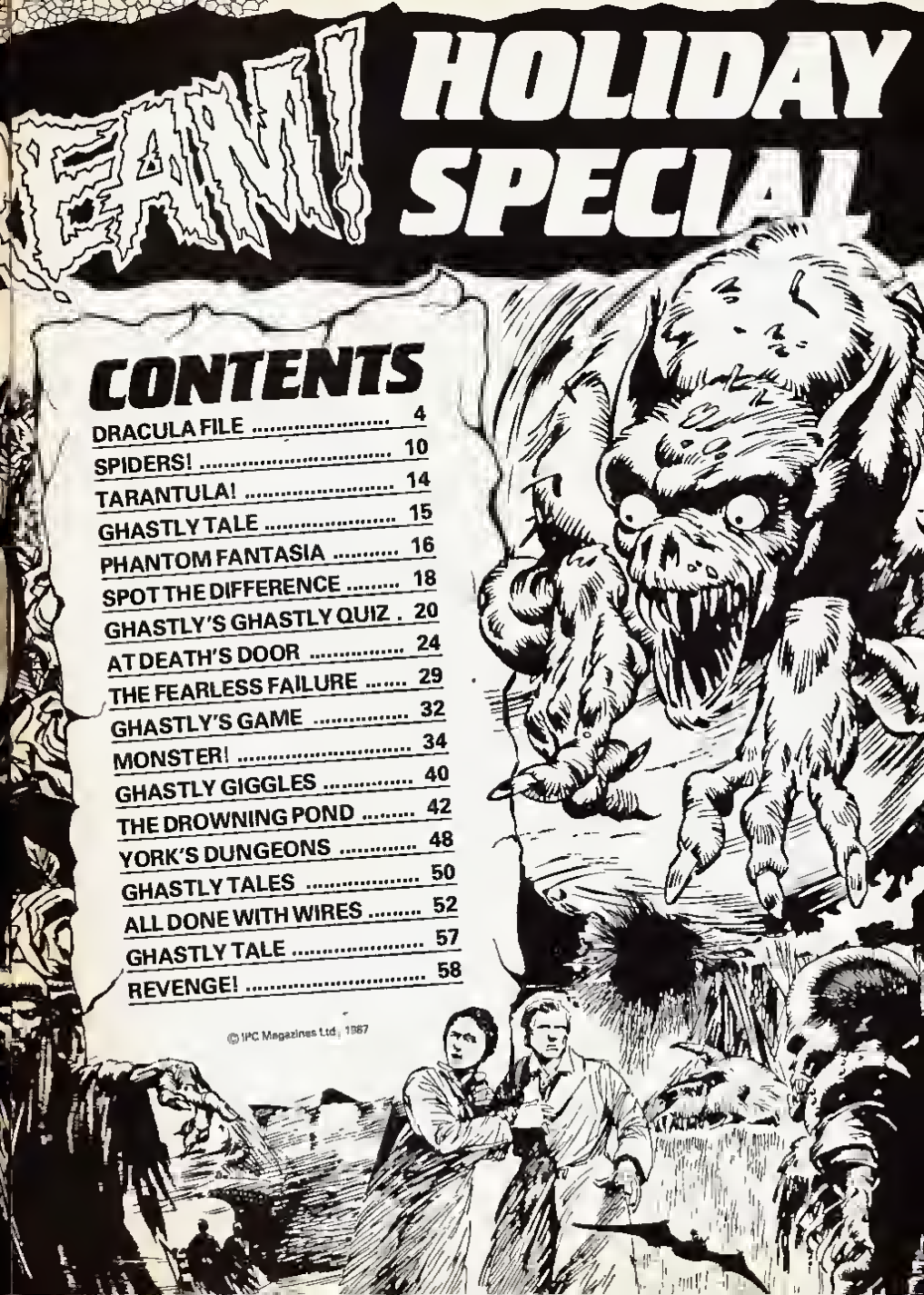

WELCOME TO
GREETINGS, MERE MORTALS! THIS IS GHASTLY McNASTY, YOUR INHUMAN EDITOR, WITH ANOTHER SELECTION OF FEARFUL FRIGHTS, JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO SLEEP IN THE DARK!

EARN! HOLIDAY SPECIAL

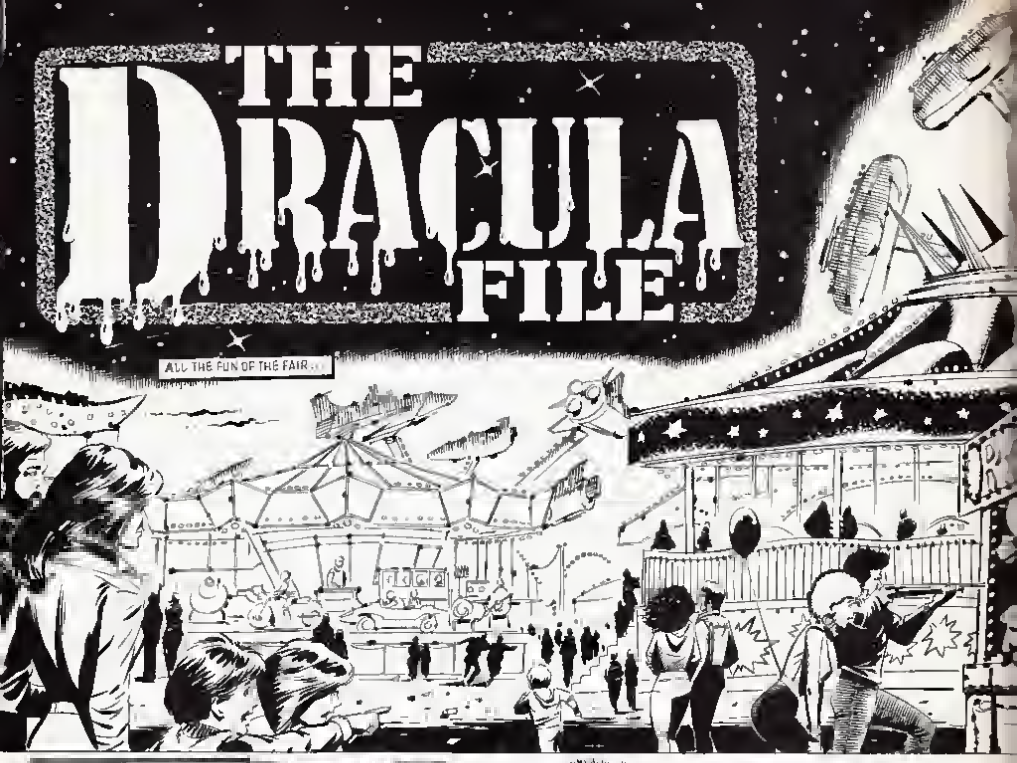
CONTENTS

DRACULA FILE 4
SPIDERS! 10
TARANTULA! 14
GHASTLY TALE 15
PHANTOM FANTASIA 16
SPOT THE DIFFERENCE 18
GHASTLY'S GHASTLY QUIZ . 20
AT DEATH'S DOOR 24
THE FEARLESS FAILURE 29
GHASTLY'S GAME 32
MONSTER! 34
GHASTLY GIGGLES 40
THE DROWNING POND 42
YORK'S DUNGEONS 48
GHASTLY TALES 50
ALL DONE WITH WIRES 52
GHASTLY TALE 57
REVENGE! 58

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THE DRACULA FILE










IT'S GOT NOTHIN' NOW!
LET'S SMASH IT ALL UP!
THIS PLACE IS PATHETIC!
HEY...THAT ONE'S NOT SO BAD
IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THAT DRACULA BLOKE...
FOOLS...I AM THE VAMPIRE!
WH-WHY ARE WE STOPPING?
YOU GREAT COWARDS... IT'S ONLY SOME GEEZER DRESSED-UP!
WATCH ME GIVE HIM A FEW THUMPS HE JUST WANTS TO SCARE US...
I JUST WANT YOUR... BLOOD!
SCREAMS FROM INSIDE THE GHOST TRAIN WERE NOT UNUSUAL. BUT THIS ONE WAS FOR REAL!
ARRRRRGH!
GHOST TRAIN


ALL THE FEAR OF THE FAIR!
THE HUNTER...
THE VAMPIRE IS CLOSE...I AM SURE OF IT!
TH-THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE, IN...INSIDE THERE! FOUR KIDS ALL MURDERED! HORRIBLE IT IS...
MAYBE THIS IS DRACULA'S WORK...
A BAT LEAVES THE BUILDING THAT DEVIL HAS CHANGED FROM ITS HUMAN FORM...
IT GOES INTO THE TOP OF THE HELTER SKELTER IF ONLY I COULD BE SURE IT WASN'T JUST AN ORDINARY BAT...
A FEW MINUTES LATER THE HUNTER KNEW THE TRUTH...
A DEAD MAN!
EAAARGH!
HE MUST HAVE COLLAPSED ON THE WAY DOWN!
THIS IS NO NATURAL DEATH! THE BITE MARKS IS THE MARK OF THE FANGS! DRACULA UP THERE!


HE WILL NOT SLEEP UNTIL DAYLIGHT. OTHERS MAY DIE BEFORE THEN. I MUST FIND A WAY TO DEAL WITH HIM THIS NIGHT!


IT'S A PRETTY FAR-FETCHED STORY YOU'VE TOLD ME... BUT I DO HAVE FIVE DEAD BODIES ON MY HANDS, SO I'LL HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH WHAT YOU WANT.
GOOD. THE FAIRGROUND IS CLEARED OF PEOPLE AND DRACULA IS STILL IN THE HELTER-SKELTER. I SHALL PUT MY PLAN INTO OPERATION NOW!


DRACULA... I KNOW YOU ARE HERE! I HAVE YOU TRAPPED AT LAST.. YOU CANNOT ATTACK ME... FOR I HAVE WEAPONS... GARLIC... HOLY WATER... A CROSS...


THIS TIME FOUL CREATURE, YOU ARE FINISHED!
THE FOOL! I SHALL CHANGE TO BAT FORM AND FLY TO SAFETY...




RELEASE THE BIRD NOW!


EAGLE RELEASED!
THE EAGLE HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM AN EXHIBITION AT THE FAIR...
IT HUNTS ME... IN THIS FORM I WILL BE DOOMED!
I MUST CHANGE BACK...
MY CLOAK WILL DEAL WITH THE BIRD...
THE HUNTER WILL NOT BE SO EASY...
THIS IS MY ESCAPE ROUTE...


HE SLIDES TO FREEDOM...
BELOW THERE... LOOK OUT! THE VAMPIRE ESCAPES!
TOO LATE!
AFTER HIM!
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?
HE'S CHANGING...
IN BAT FORM, DRACULA WAS ABLE TO FLY TO FREEDOM...
ONCE AGAIN, YOU HAVE ESCAPED FROM ME, COUNT DRACULA BUT I SHALL CONTINUE THE HUNT... CONTINUE IT UNTIL A STAKE THROUGH THE HEART FINISHES YOUR FOUL LIFE FOR EVER!
END


SPIDERS
THERE WAS NOTHING ATTRACTIVE ABOUT DEEP FEN MANOR THE HOUSE ITSELF HAD STOOD EMPTY AND NEGLECTED FOR DECADES BUT THE OLD OVERGROWN ORCHARD IN ITS GROUNDS WAS ANOTHER MATTER AS TOM AND ROBBY MARTIN WELL KNEW!
THESE APPLES ARE DELICIOUS.
IF YOU EAT MANY MORE, YOU'LL GET A STOMACH ACHE
WE'VE GOT MASSES OF APPLES FOR MUM'S LARDER AND
SHUT UP A MINUTE! I THOUGHT I HEARD A DOG BARKING
WAY OUT HERE? DON'T BE DAFT! THERE ARE NO FARMS OR ANYTHING FOR MILES!
IT CAME FROM OVER THERE
THEN, SUDDENLY, AS THE BOYS PUSHED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DANK UNDERGROWTH
THERE IT IS!
GET BACK! IT'S GOING TO SPRING!
IT'S GOT A BROKEN CHAIN ON ITS LEG! LOOK—IT'S CAUGHT ON THAT BRANCH!
COME ON, OLD FELLER! YOU KNOW I MEAN YOU NO HARM! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT NOW! I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO PUT A CHAIN ON YOUR LEG LIKE THIS I'D SORT HIM OUT!


A THIN, RASPING VOICE MADE THE BOYS SPIN ROUND IN ALARM!
YOU WOULD DO NOTHING OF THE SORT, BOY. BUT I THANK YOU FOR ATTENDING TO FANG HE BROKE FREE
WH-WHO ARE YOU?
IT DOES NOT CONCERN YOU, BUT MY NAME IS QUINTUS FREEN, AND I NOW OWN THIS PROPERTY. YOU WILL NOT TRESPASS AGAIN!
THE BOYS DECIDED TO LEAVE!
MAYBE YOU ARE REPRIEVED, FANG! HOW MUCH BETTER WOULD HUMAN BLOOD BE TO MY EXPERIMENTS! TWO SUCH BOYS COULD EASILY VANISH WITHOUT TRACE IN THE DANGEROUS FENS
QUINTUS FREEN BLEW INTO A HYPERSONIC WHISTLE AND NEAR THE GATE SOMETHING OBEYED THE CALL!
NYEEAAGH!
AARGH! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
AARRRGH!
GUHHH!
THEY'LL REGRET THIS DAY THEY CAME TO DEEP FEN MANOR! BEFORE LONG, THEY'LL BE THE FIRST VICTIMS OF THE WEB WEAVER!
WHEN BOBBY AND TOM CAME TO THEIR SENSES, IT WAS TO FIND THEMSELVES STRAPPED IN CHAIRS WITHIN THE OLD HOUSE
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?
DO? WHY USE THE CHEMISTRY OF YOUR BLOOD, OF COURSE! WHAT YOU SAW WAS MY PROTOTYPE GIANT SPIDER... ITS METABOLISM COMPLETELY ALTERED BY MY GENIUS!


I DID IT WITH THE BLOOD OF A DOG FANG'S BROTHER! HE WAS TO HAVE BEEN NEXT... BUT YOUR BLOOD JUICES WILL MAKE WHOLE TANKFULS SWELL TO GIANT SIZE TO OBEY ME AND WREAK RUIN!
HE'S CRACKERS, ROBBY! STARK, STARING MAD!
BUT WE'VE SEEN WHAT HE CAN DO! NOW HE'S GOT A SYRINGE!
AARRGH! NO! NO!
HOLD STILL, CHILD! I'M ONLY TAKING A TEST SAMPLE... THE MAIN BLOOD EXTRACTION WILL COME LATER!
NOW I ADD IT TO THE OTHER INGREDIENTS... AND THE REACTION TAKES PLACE! FOOD FOR MY CRAWLING ONES!
THE RIGHT STRAP'S LOOSE! I THINK I CAN GET ONE ARM FREE...
FEVERISHLY, ROBBY RIPPED HIS WRIST CLEAR AND UNCLIPPED THE OTHER BUCKLE!
NOW, TO DEAL WITH YOU!
WHAAAT?
YOU FOOL...


FREEN SNATCHED UP HIS SNARE, AND NEXT INSTANT
GURRGH!
URRRGH!
DIE! YOUR BLOOD WILL STILL LIVE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME!
THEN A TAWNY SHAPE FLUNG ITSELF THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY!
FANG! GOOD BOY, FANG! GET HIM!
ROBBY WRENCHED THE WIRE FROM HIS NECK AND UNSTRAPPED HIS BROTHER.
WE'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT! LOOK AT THE SPIDERS! THEY MUST HAVE DRUNK SOME OF THE LIQUID!
THEY— THEY'RE GROWING!
THE BOYS RAN— SCARCELY AWARE THAT FANG WAS WITH THEM
RUINED! ALL— RUINED A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH!
OUT IN THE OPEN, ROBBY AND TOM LOOKED BACK. FIRE WAS DESTROYING THE LAIR OF THE WEB-WEAVER AND ALL INSIDE IT!
BURNED? OR DESTROYED BY THE MONSTERS HE CREATED?
WHAT DOES IT MATTER? ALL I KNOW IS— WE'RE NEVER COMING BACK HERE AGAIN! NOT EVEN FOR THE FINEST APPLES IN THE COUNTY!
END


TARANTULA
DID THE SPIDERS IN THE PICTURE-STORY YOU'VE JUST READ MAKE YOU SHIVER WITH FEAR? I'M ONLY HALF-SPIDER... BUT YOU'LL STILL BE TREMBLING AT MY STORY... APPEARING EACH WEEK IN BATTLE COMIC. REMEMBER THE NAME TARANTULA! REMEMBER THE COMIC: BATTLE!

A Ghastly Tale!



PHANTOM FANTASIA



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE~

How good are you at spotting subtle changes humans? Test yourself by looking at the two drawings on these pages. At first glance they may look alike but SEVEN changes have been made to the picture on the right. Answers are on the opposite page



If you dare!



GHASTLY'S GHASTLY QUIZ

BEWARE, MORTALS! IS YOUR KNOWLEOGE OF THE GHOULISH ANO GRUESOME GOOO ENOUGH TO ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS SET BY GHASTLY McNASTY HIMSELF? ANSWERS ON PAGE 23! AWARO YOURSELF ONE POINT FOR EACH QUESTION, OR PART OF A QUESTION, YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY.



1 Here's an easy question to start with, if you're a regular SCREAM SPECIAL reader. This is a picture of me, Ghastly McNasty. True?

2 In ancient times, these people had the wonderful idea of embalming their leaders' bodies to preserve them. They were E---IANS.



4

Who was the author of "The War of the Worlds"?

a) George Orwell
b) H G Wells
c) John Wyndham

3

This creature could almost be the star of "The Phantom of the Opera". Who wrote this famous musical?

5

A day I eagerly await each year is Hallowe'en — it's so good to be among ghoulish fiends such as the one in the picture. Hallowe'en is on 30 October. True or false?

6

In Greek mythology, what was the name of the monster who instantly turned to stone any of you mortals who looked at her?

M..U.A

7

Below are the names of three human actors who are famous for playing in creepy films. The letters have been jumbled up. Can you work out who they are?

a) RUSHPINTGECE
b) THERLERISECOPH
c) TEENPRINVICC



8

One of my favourite nasties is a spider — the bigger the better! But can you miserable creatures tell me how many legs a spider has?

9

Ah, here is a picture of someone I really admire — Count Dracula himself. A staka through the brain can kill him. True or false?

10

A particular violinist was so talented and brilliant that it was said he had sold his soul to the devil. Can you unscramble the letters on the right to find out his name?

A
INPI
NG
A

12

This symbol, below, has struck fear into the hearts of many. Where is it found on a flag?

11

Even I would admit that the plague known as "The Black Death" was rather unpleasant for you poor humans. In what year did this plague break out in Britain?

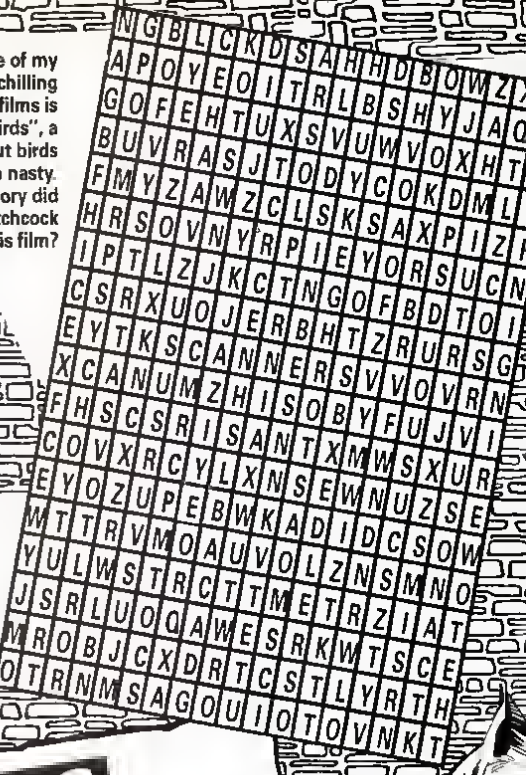
a) 1750
b) 1666
c) 1665

13

One of my favourite chilling films is "The Birds", a film about birds who turn nasty. Whose story did Alfred Hitchcock use in his film?

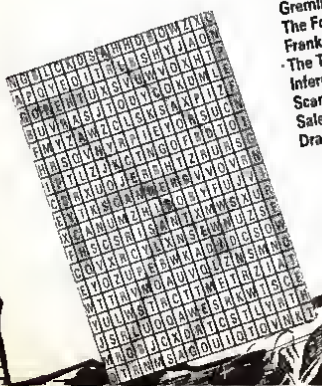
14

In the grid are hidden the names of eight horror films. Can you find them? Just to confuse you humble mortals, the names can be written vertically, horizontally, or even backwards!



ANSWERS

1. True; 2. The Egyptians; 3. Andrew Lloyd Webber; 4. H.G. Wells; 5. False. It's on 31 October; 6. Madusa; 7. (a) Peter Cushing (b) Christopher Lee (c) Vincent Price; 8. Eight; 9. False. It's his heart that should be aimed for! 10. Paganini; 11. 1665; 12. On a pirate ship; 13. Daphne du Maurier; 14. Answer below.



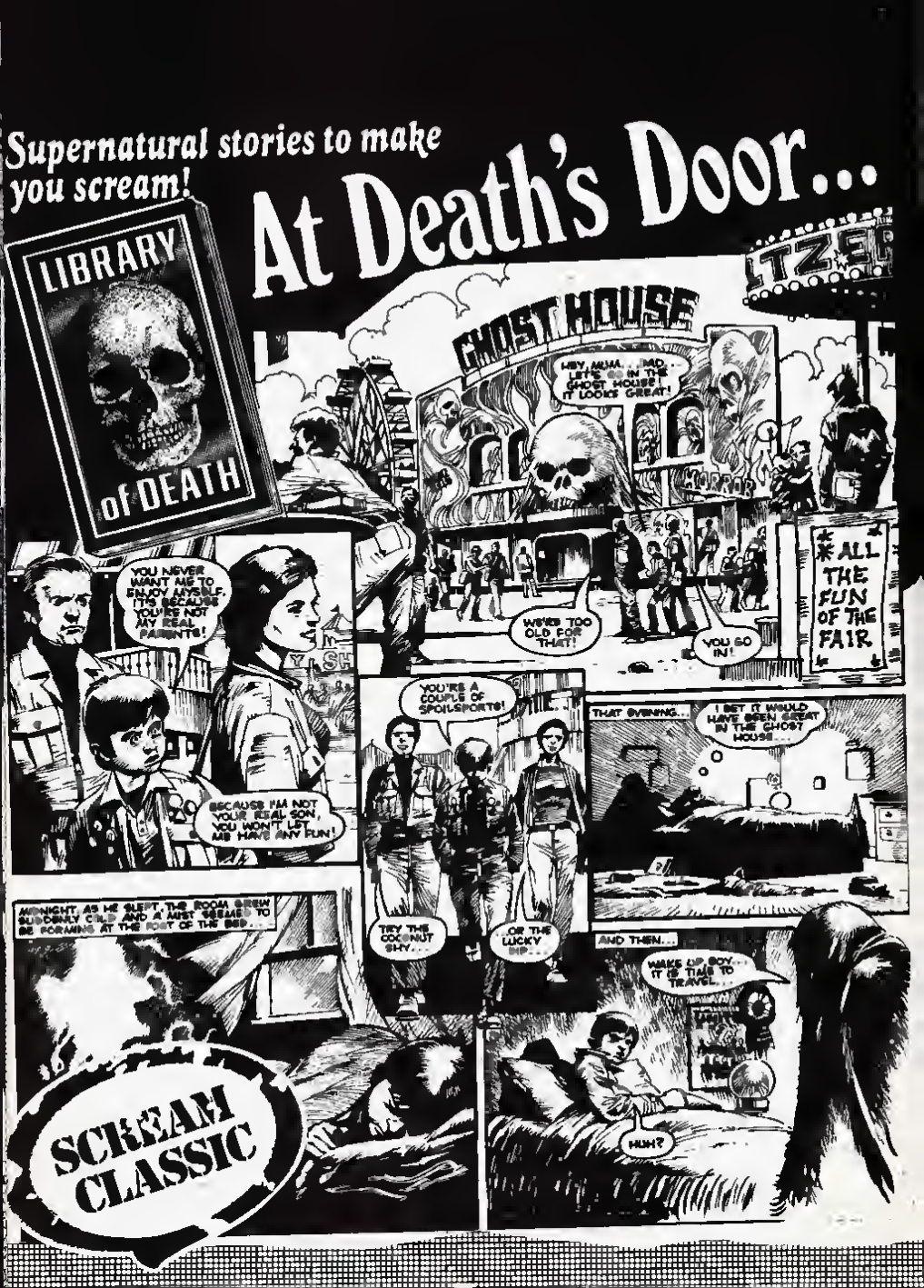
Psycho
Gremlins
The Fog
Frankenstein
The Towering Inferno
Scanners
Salems Lot
Dracula

HOW DID YOU SCORE?
— if you managed to score at all that is!

Less than 10—Grave! The best place for those who failed so miserably at my quiz!
10—16 points—Ghostly! Too weak a score to make any impression on me.
17—23 points—Ghoulish! Pity you're just a mere human!

Supernatural stories to make you scream!

At Death's Door...




YOU WANTED TO VISIT THE GHOST HOUSE AND YOUR WISH SHALL BE GRANTED!
YOU... YOU'RE A GHOST Y-YOURSELF!
FEAR NOT YOU SHALL COME TO NO HARM LET US TRAVEL TOGETHER...
THE BEDROOM VANISHED AND HE FOUND HIMSELF ON A BLEAK, WIND-SWEPT MOOR...
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?
WE COME TO FULFIL YOUR WISH. LOOK THERE!
GHOST HOUSE
THE GHOST HOUSE AWAITS YOU!
IN YOU GO, MY YOUNG FRIEND ENJOY YOURSELF!
BUT BEWARE YOU WILL MEET THE REAL CREATURES OF THE SPIRIT WORLD!
AND INSIDE...
IT... IT'S DARK. WH-WHAT AM I DOING HERE?


IT WIGGS YOUR DESSISIRE TO SEEZEE THE GHOSSST HOUSSSE!
ARRRGH!
N-NO, KEEP AWAY!
DOOOO MOOOOT RUUUUN, LIIITLESS OOONE..
BEERGH!
H-E-L-P!
STOP!
GO NO FAETHER.. FOR THESE ARE THE DOORS OF DEATH!
P-PLEASE, I WANT TO G-GO HOME..
SUDDENLY, THEY WERE OUTSIDE AGAIN..
YOU SHALL NOT RETURN HOME YET FOR THE GHOST HOUSE HAS TWO MORE VISITORS SEE WHO DRAWS


IT'S MUM AND DAD!
GHOST HOUSE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE TOO OLD TO ENTER THE HOUSE THEY WERE WRONG!
NO-ONE IS TOO OLD AND NO-ONE IS TOO YOUNG!
AGE DOES NOT CONCERN THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE GHOST HOUSE!
TAKE THIS KEY, YOUNG MAN... THERE ARE MORE SURPRISES THIS NIGHT!
ENTER IT IN THE LOCK... AND YOU SHALL LEARN WHAT IS UNLEASHED!
...I CAN'T SEEM TO STOP MYSELF...
AS THE KEY TURNED...
...INSIDE THE GHOST HOUSE, DOORS STARTED TO OPEN...
AAAAAAAAAARGH!


WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU OPENED THE DOORS OF DEATH... THEY WERE DEATH ITSELF!
NO! NOOOOOO!
UHH!!
MUM! DAD! ARE... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
T-TELL ME IT WAS J-JUST A NIGHTMARE
BUT THERE WAS NO MOVEMENT FROM THE BED
UNTIL...
YOU WANTED TO GO INTO THE GHOST HOUSE...
NOW YOU SHALL LIVE IN THE GHOST HOUSE... FOR EVER!
FOR EVER!
ARE YOU GOING TO STAY IN BED FOR EVER?
HUH? MUM? THEN... THEN IT WAS A DREAM!
PERHAPS GHOST HOUSES AREN'T SUCH FUN, AFTER ALL!
END


THE FEARLESS FAILURE
THE COURT OF FEARFUL GHOSTS IS IN SESSION BRING IN THE PRISONER!
ER... EVENING ALL! NICE DAY.
WHOSE HEAD IS THAT, MAN? YOU'RE NOT A HEAD-CARRYING GHOST, YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN FAT HEAD!
OH...! FOUND IT...
WHO'S STOLEN MY HEAD?
HERE YOU ARE, MATE.
PRISONER GIVE THIS IDIOT HIS HEAD BACK AND LET'S GET ON WITH THIS CASE!


PAISONE A FEAALESS, YOU ARE CHARGED WITH BEING NON-GHOSTLY YOU DON T FAIGHTEN ANYONE. YOU ARE WANTING IN WEIRDNESS AND YOU ARE A FAILURE AS A PHANTOM. WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY ?
I CAN T HELP IT. I DO MY BEST.
YOU DO YOUR BEST ? IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH !
YOU A GHOSTING IS GHASTLY MAN !
WHEN DID YOU LAST ACTUALLY FRIGHTEN ANYONE ?
I FRIGHTENED MY MUM AND DAD WHEN I WAS BORN
AAAAAAHHH ! IT'S HORRIBLE !
SINCE THEN, YOU HAVEN T SCARED ANYONE ? YOU HAVEN T MADE ANYONE JUMP OUT OF THEIR SKIN OR TREMBLE ... OR EVEN TWITCH A BIT ?
WELL, NO, I SUPPOSE NOT BUT I VE TRIED
YOU VE TRIED ? HOW HAVE YOU TRIED ?
WELL, THERE WAS THAT TIME WHEN I WAS ON THE DRACULA SHIFT IN TRANSYLVANIA. I USED TO BE GOOD AT GETTING OUT OF THE COFFIN IN THE CASTLE VAULT.
I THOUGHT I WAS A BIT FRIGHTENING THEN ...
WOOOOOOERRRRRR !
BUT BEING A GHOST ISN T SO EASY SOMETIMES
WOOOOOEAR ! I AM THE M MASTER OF DARKNESS
TRUST IN ME, GLORIA ! I WILL SAVE YOU. I'LL THRUST MY SWORD THROUGH THIS EVIL FIEND'S HEART !
HOLD ON A MINUTE, CHUM ! THERE S NO NEED TO GET RATTY ! DON T WANT ANY TROUBLE. CAN T WE TALK THIS OVER ?
RODNEY YOU RE FRIGHTENING HIM !
LOOK, YOU STOP TALKING ABOUT STICKING YOUR SWORD THROUGH MY HEART ... AND I'LL CUT MY HAUNTING DOWN TO WALKING THROUGH WALLS AND MAKING A FEW HORRIBLE NOISES. OKAY ?
THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH
ALL RIGHT ... HE SEEMS A DECENT ENOUGH CHAP


THEY FINISHED UP LIKING YOU! DO YOU CALL THAT A GOOD JOB?
IT WASN'T MY FAULT!
LET THE COURT HEAR YOUR BLOOD-CURDLING HOWL!
YES, THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
ALL RIGHT ...I'M GOOD AT THAT!
HOOOOOWWLLLLLL!
RUBBISH! THAT'S NOT FRIGHTENING!
THAT'S NOT A DECENT HOWL! IT'S A SNIVEL!
ALL RIGHT, PACK IT IN!
ENOUGH OF THIS! THIS COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY! YOU ARE BANISHED INTO THE REAL WORLD UNTIL YOU PROPERLY SCARE THE PANTS OFF SOMEBODY!
GO!
BEGONE!
HOPPIT!
NO...
AT LEAST THEY'VE BANISHED ME TO SOMEWHERE DECENT! THIS ISN'T A BAD PLACE TO START SCARING PEOPLE!
RIP
AAAAARGHHH!
YOU HOP OFF! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU LAYABOUTS IN FANCY DRESS MESSING AROUND HERE AT NIGHT! BEAT IT...OR I'LL CALL THE COPS!
IT'S NOT GOING TO BE AS EASY AS I THOUGHT! SCARING PEOPLE'S HARD WORK. BUT THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMEONE WHO'S FRIGHTENED OF GHOSTS SOMEWHERE!
MAYBE IT'S ...YOU!
END


THE GREAT ESCAPE!
HOW TO PLAY
You've been captured by an evil witch! Can you escape from her clutches? This is a game to find your way home. Throw the dice and move your counter along the path. All the squares are numbered and have instructions on them. Follow the squares and markers and avoid obstacles. Some squares have helpful hints. Some have special instructions. The first person to reach the finish and escape from the witch is the winner.
START
FINISH
YOU'RE FREE!
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10 LOST IN THE DARK Go back to start
11
12
13
14 TURNED INTO A TOAD Miss one turn for the spell to wear OFF
15
16 SLIP ON SLIME Go back three squares
17
18 DUNGEON Throw a six to be released
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26 FIND MAGIC KEY If you land back in the Dungeon you need not throw a six to be released
27
28
29
30
31
32
33 ENSNARED BY GIANT CREEPER Miss one turn
34
35
36 BLACK CAT CROSSES YOUR PATH AND BRINGS YOU LUCK Move on to square 40
38 Go back to Dungeon
37
39
40 DISCOVER SECRET TUNNEL! Use this path as a short cut to square 53
41
42
43
44 CAUGHT IN GIANT SPIDER'S WEB Throw a six to be released
45
46
47
48
49
50 CHASED BY WITCH'S BROOM Go back to square 45
51
52 Go back to Dungeon
53
54
55
56 OVERCOME BY FUMES FROM CAULDRON Miss one turn
57
58
59
60 TURNED INTO A RAT Miss one turn
61
62
63 BREAK WITCH'S MAGIC WAND Move on 6 squares
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71 Go back to Dungeon
72
73
74
ONLY THE BRAVE CAN PLAY!

MONSTER!

ASHAMED of their son's horrific looks, the parents of Terry Corman had kept him locked up in their attic for most of his life. Uneducated and uncared for, the unfortunate boy grew up totally neglected and unseen by anyone.

After his mother and father died, Terry was put into the care of his brutal brother-in-law, who cruelly mistreated him and tried to kill him.

But Terry turned the tables on his aggressor and did the killing himself!

Freed from his confined existence, Terry found the outside world a cruel place and was regarded as a monster to be made fun of and persecuted.

Unable to control his temper and powerful limbs, Terry accidentally committed more killings and was hunted by the authorities.

He escaped by stowing away on a ship to Australia, where he was befriended by a bushman named Digger Muldoon.

At last it seemed as if Terry had found refuge from the hostile world in Digger's shack in a remote part of the outback!





One morning, Terry awoke to find smoke billowing through the shack.

"Fire . . . firrrreeeee! Save meeee, Diggger!" he cried, cowering in an untidy heap on his mattress at the rear of the one-roomed hut.

"It's okay, Terry . . . there ain't no fire, cobber," came a voice from the swirling smoke. "It's just this pesky stove playin' up again!"

Digger fanned the black fumes out of the open door with his bush hat.

"Guess we'll have to get a new 'un from Joeyville. Fancy a trip into town, Terry?" he enquired.

The pile of bedclothes ceased quivering and a huge, twisted body emerged. The mis-shapen face contorted into a semblance of a pleading smile.

"Terr come, if Digger buy him present," he whined.

Digger sighed. The shack was littered with broken toys that had been fragmented by the massive, clumsy hands of the shambling colossus that stood before him like a fawning child.

"Yeah, all right . . . I'll get you something," he agreed. "But first, you'll have to take the old stove out and put it in the truck. We might get a few dollars for the scrap metal in Joeyville."

Later, after the ancient heating device had cooled, Digger watched in amazement as Terry's giant arms wrapped themselves around the heavy stove and effortlessly lifted it as if it had been a tin can.

He lumbered to Digger's battered pick-up truck and dropped his burden into the open back with a resounding "clang".

"Hey, watch old Matilda there, you clumsy drongo!" yelled Digger as the springs of the vehicle creaked alarmingly.

A massive hand snaked out and grabbed the old bushman by the shirt front, pulling him to within centimetres of Terry's ghastly face.

"Diiggger not call Terr a drongo . . . or he get thumped!" yelled the colossus angrily.

"ERRRRGH! All right, all right . . . s-sorry, cobber . . . l-leggo, you're choking me!" stuttered Digger, fully understanding how, not knowing his own strength, Terry had actually killed men.

They climbed into the cab of the old truck and with a grating of gears, the bushman sent it lurching down the rutted track leading from the shack. Three miles farther on, they turned on to the main road to Joeyville. Half a dozen kangaroos sped across the open scrub parallel to their course.

"Diiggger go faster . . . chase 'roos!" urged Terry, excitedly bouncing up and down in the passenger seat.

"No chance, mate," said Digger wryly. "Those critters can go twice as fast as this old jalopy!"

After an hour's slow and juddering progress, they reached Joeyville — a straggling collection of ill-kept buildings that had been constructed to serve and house the sheep station workers of the area. They jerked to a halt in front of McKenzie's General Stores, which sold everything from cooking pots to shotguns.

"G'day, Digger . . . and what can I do for you?" greeted Mack McKenzie as they entered the door.

"Need a new stove, Mack, the old one's gone real crook," answered the bushman.

"Got just the job," the store owner said, indicating a shining, new stove in front of the counter. "Real cast iron . . . it'll last for fifty years or more. But it'll cost you though . . . three hundred dollars."

"Shoosh," began Digger, then he looked round as a melodic tinkling sound reached his ears. Terry was sitting on the floor towards the back of the store, with a small, wooden musical box clasped in his giant hands. Two plastic swans were gliding round a glass mirrored panel on the open box to the tune of Swan Lake.

"Lookee, Diiggggrr!" yelled the colossus like an excited child. "Magic box . . . magic box! Terr want, pleeeease!"

With a sigh, Digger turned to the store owner. "It'll last five minutes before his great mitts crush it to pieces, but I suppose I'd better get it for the poor drongo . . . I did promise him a present. Can you put it on the slate with the stove, Mack, and I'll pay off fifty dollars a month?"

"Yeah, sure thing, Digger," replied McKenzie. "I know you won't run out on me. Not many people you can trust these days, though."

As they went out to the truck, a few children had gathered round it. "Ooo . . . look! It's a monster," they called when they glimpsed Terry's shambling hulk. But he was oblivious to their taunts and cat-calls as he lovingly cradled the music box in his hands.

"Go on, clear off, or I'll clip yer ears!" shouted Digger as they retreated. "Come on, Terry . . . give me a hand with the new stove, then we'll go down to the scrapyard and see what we can get for the old one."

Reluctantly, Terry placed his plaything on the bonnet and picked up the stove. No sooner had he put it in the open back of the truck, than there was a tremendous commotion from a nearby side-road.

"You swindling dingo! Your wonder show is nuthin' but a fraud! The bearded lady had false whiskers!"

"Yeah, an' the two-headed dog was made of plastic!"

"An' the fattest man in the world was an ordinary bloke in an inflatable suit!"

A running figure in a bright yellow and brown check suit came hurtling round the corner. "Quick, cobber . . . give us a lift, or I'm gonna be lynched!" panted the man to Digger, who was just starting up the truck's engine.

"Sure thing, mate, hop aboard!" the bushman replied. "You get in the back fast, Terry — we gotta take off!"

SHOWMAN!

THE colossus barely had time to pull himself over the tailboard, as the vehicle accelerated away with a squeal of tyres, just as a yelling mob of sheep workers came into view.

"He's gettin' away!" yelled one.

"No, he ain't . . . get the cars, boys; we're gonna teach that cheat a lesson!" retorted another.

As Digger's truck slewed out of the main street back towards the highway, the fugitive turned to the bushman.

"Thanks a bundle, sport . . . you saved my hide back there! Jake Kelly's the name — entrepreneur extraordinary!"

"Oh, pleased to meet yer," replied Digger, looking puzzled. "What's an enter-whatever yer said?"

"A showman to you, cobber. I collect the 'er, more unusual things in life and exhibit them," replied Jake, looking evasive. "But those stupid sheepmen didn't appreciate my show!"

Suddenly, Terry's mis-shapen face appeared at the small window in the back of the driving cab. "Men chase us in cars!" he yelled.

"Starve the lizards! What the blue blazes is **that**?" exclaimed Jake, looking round at Terry in alarm.

"Oh, Terry . . . he's just some poor bloke whose folks neglected him 'cos he looked a bit crook. I look after him now, bit like a son, I suppose," explained Digger, glancing in his wing mirror to see three cars in hot pursuit. "But we got problems. Those sheepmen are after us . . . and this old crate couldn't out-run a duck-billed platypus!" Digger shouted round to Terry, "Try your 'roo call, mate — loud as you can!"

Crouched in the open back of the lurching truck, Terry cupped his gnarled hands to his mouth and let out a weird, ear-splitting animal noise. After a couple of minutes, a herd of kangaroos burst from the bush bordering the highway. They bounded into the road behind the truck as the giant figure in the back kept up his strange call. The drivers of the leading two pursuing cars suddenly found their way blocked by a mass of grey bodies.

"Watch those crazy 'roos!" yelled a car passenger as the driver beside him desperately wrenched the steering wheel over. He managed to avoid the animals, only to crash into the car alongside him! Locked together, both vehicles careered off the road and turned over in a ditch.

His foot hard down on the accelerator, Digger looked in the mirror again. "That's got rid of two of 'em, but the third one's coming like the blazes . . . looks like he's gonna ram us!"

Hardly were the words out of Digger's mouth, than there was a shuddering impact to the rear of the truck, causing it to lurch alarmingly.

The driver of the big-bumpered Holden saloon yelled in triumph as he prepared for another charge. "Wahoo! That's got 'em rattled! We'll make those creeps pay for what they just did to Larry and Pete. I'm gonna drive them right off . . ." His words suddenly died away as he saw the awesome shape of Terry Corman towering in the back of the truck, with the old stove from Digger's shack held high above his head.

"Oh, no, nooooo!" the driver screamed as the massive chunk of iron hurtled down like a depth charge! It smashed through the bonnet as if it was made of paper, completely wrecking the engine, rupturing electrical cables and fuel lines. The passengers threw themselves out in the nick of time as a



spark ignited spilled fuel and the whole vehicle erupted in a welter of flame.

"Looks like they wanted a hurn-up, and **got it!**" laughed the relieved Jake Kelly, looking back at the inferno.

"Yeah, well I hope those sheepmen will be movin' on real soon, 'cos I don't fancy humpin' into them again after what's happened an' all," said Digger apprehensively.

"Real sorry to get you involved, sport," replied Jake with false concern in his voice. "But if I could he low somewheres 'till mornin', then I'd be on my way."

The hushman knew what Kelly was hinting at and he didn't feel altogether happy at inviting the man to stay the night, hut then he'd always been a soft touch!

"You can kip down at my place if you like," Digger said reluctantly. "Won't be very comfortable . . . I mean it's hardly the Sydney Hilton!"

"Good on yer, sport!" replied Jake eagerly.

Soon, they were bumping their way up the rough track to the little clearing in the bush where Digger had his smallholding.

"Nice place you've got here . . . right in the middle of nowhere!" remarked Kelly, surveying the scene.

"Suits us," replied Digger. "Give us a hand to get the new stove into the shack, Terry."

The massive figure jumped from the rear of the truck. "In minute, Duggger. Terr got to get magic box first."

Terry went to the bonnet of the truck and looked around in vain. "Where's magic box gone? Terr put it here when in Joeyville!" he exclaimed.

Jake let out an incredulous laugh. "Ha, haaa! You stupid drongo . . . you don't expect it to be **still** on the bonnet, do you, after all we've been through?"

The shambling colossus jerked round. "You not laugh at Terr! **You** took magic box. You had man Terr feel it!" he ranted, advancing menacingly on Kelly.

"Hold it, Terry old son," interrupted Digger, hastily jumping between the pair of them. "It must have fallen off in the chase. Don't worry, I'll get you another one when we take Jake hack to town in the morning."

"Terr want it **now** . . . or do no work," muttered the giant hulk, stomping off to the shack.

"Looks like you an' me to carry the stove in," Digger said to Jake shrugging his shoulders.

Later that evening over a frugal meal, Jake watched Terry sulking on his mattress at the back of the shack.

"He sure is ugly-lookin'," he remarked thoughtlessly. "Ever thought of hiring him out to a horror film company? Reckon you could make quite a load of dough doin' that."

"No way!" retorted Digger angrily. "Terry's had enough of people ridiculing him in his rotten life. I would never let him he **more** exploited like that."



Terry cupped his gnarled hands to his mouth and let out an ear-splitting animal noise. It had startling results!

The conversation became rather strained after that, and eventually, having washed up the plates, Digger spread a blanket on the floor.

"There y'are, you can doss down there," he said dully, turning to go to his own bed. He felt uneasy and lay awake for some time listening to the loud grunts and snores from Terry.

Jake was also awake, his mind hatching a sinister plan. There was a chance here of starting up afresh . . . and he was going to take it!

MAGIC BOX

It seemed that hardly had Digger closed his eyes, than he was being shaken violently by the shoulder.

"Wassat?" he mumbled, turning to see Kelly crouching beside him.

"Sssh!" whispered Jake. "I heard a noise outside!"

"It's only a wallaby or a 'roo," yawned Digger. "Go back to sleep."

"No, I heard voices!" insisted Kelly. "It could be those sheepmen have tracked us down. They'd recognise your truck easy. Perhaps they're gonna burn the shack down!"

Digger pulled on his tattered trousers and picked up the poker he used for the stove. "Okay, let's go take a look then," he said irritably.

Dawn was just breaking and a Kookaburra in a nearby tree broke into its weird song as Digger prowled stealthily around the perimeter of the clearing, peering into the thick bush.

"I don't see nothin' and I don't hear nothin'. Reckon you were mistaken, Kelly. Must have been the 'hurra singing. Kelly? Where are you?"

"Right here behind you, cobber!" came the reply.

Digger turned to see the showman with a heavy length of wood in his raised hands!

"Now you can go back to sleep!" he sneered evilly as he brought the makeshift club down on the bushman's head.

Quickly, Jake bound and gagged his senseless victim. Then he dragged the body deep into the undergrowth.

An hour later, Terry awoke. Jake was frying an egg on the stove.

"Where Digger?" the colossus asked.

"Oh, he's had to go to give the farmer on the next spread a hand with some fencing," lied Kelly. "He'll be back around midday. He said to take you into town to get you a new magic box."

"You get Terr 'nother box? That gooood . . . ver' goood!" cried the shambling hulk dancing a bizarre jig, his limited brain-power not being able to assimilate the fact that Digger never left him on his own.

The old bushman recovered consciousness in time to hear the truck start up, but he fought in vain with his bonds and his gagged yells were drowned by the roar of the engine.

"Right, the first thing we gotta do is get you a new magic box, eh, Terry?" reiterated Kelly as they chugged along the road to Joeyville.

"Yessss, yesss . . . new box!" chanted Terry excitedly. "Yoooo nice man . . . Terr like yoou much as Duggerr!"

"That's my boy . . . Jake is your very best friend!" replied the showman, his eyes glittering evilly.

Half an hour later, Kelly emerged from the general store with the replacement musical box. Terry reached for it eagerly.

"Hold on, don't snatch, old son," said Jake, putting the package in his pocket. "I want you to see something first, then you can have your magic box!"

"Pleease . . . pleeease give me," implored Terry.

Jake drove the truck through the main street, then cautiously turned a corner leading to a clearing on the far side of the tiny town. He breathed a sigh of relief. Yes, it was still there. He pulled up beside an ancient articulated lorry, on the tarpaulined trailer of which was lettered KELLY'S WONDER SHOW. He opened a padlocked door at the rear of the trailer and motioned to the still-pleading Terry.

"Come here, boy, I'm going to give you your magic box now!"

The colossus shuffled forward as Kelly slid the box through the open door.

"There it is . . . go and get it!" urged Jake.

Eagerly, Terry loped after his precious toy, as the metal door slammed shut behind him. Kelly ran round to the front of the trailer and opened the tarpaulin a metre or so to survey his handiwork. The heavy cloth screen concealed a large cage, with iron bars thick enough to withstand a rampaging elephant. Jake knew this for a fact, since he'd once kept one in there, until it had died from starvation. Now, it was Terry who stood in the middle of the cage looking puzzled. "What this —?" he said suspiciously.

"That, my boy, is your new home! You're gonna make me a lot of money. Yes, sir . . . a whole lot of money!" chuckled Kelly, gleefully rubbing his hands together.

If Terry thought his predicament strange, he soon forgot about it as he played with his beloved magic box on the floor of the cage.

Whistling tunelessly, Jake drove the articulated lorry in the direction of Sundown Springs, a town two hundred miles from Joeyville. A new town . . . new people . . . and new mugs willing to pay plenty of dollars to look at a Monster!

After an hour's drive, Jake pulled into a deserted lay-by and opened the tarpaulin round the cage.

"Right, Terry, old son . . . you're gonna learn lesson number one!" he said addressing the bewildered figure peering through the bars. "Now the folks who are gonna come to see your good self, don't want to look at some imbecile playing with a music box, right? So you've got to give the box to me an' look real mad like, to sort of scare 'em. Make 'em bring their friends to see you, too!"

"Terr don't want to give away magic box . . . Terr don't want to be mad . . . just want to go home," whimpered the colossus, hugging the precious object to his mis-shapen body.

"I was afraid you'd say that, cobber," sighed the showman. "So I'm gonna have to take it off you!"

He took a long rod with wires attached from beneath the trailer and poked it through the bars.

"Hurrr, you not hurt Terr with stick," said the captive. "Terr break it into little pieces!"

But as Terry grabbed the end of the rod, a crackling, blue flash flung him backwards and the musical box clattered to the floor.

"Now you know what a cattle-prod feels like, sport!" Kelly said gleefully, using the pole to manoeuvre the fallen box to the front of the cage where he scooped it up.

Terry rushed to the bars screaming in anger, using all his might to try and prise them apart . . . but they were more than a match for even his great strength.

"That's great!" enthused Kelly, pushing the music box back in the cage. "Now let's try it a few more times to get the idea in your great, thick skull!"

It was late afternoon, when the trailered lorry reached Sundown Springs. Jake parked by the sheep pens in the centre of town and staked out the tarpaulin to form a makeshift tent around the cage. Then he produced a portable megaphone.

"Roll up, roll up, folks . . . come and see the real Frankenstein Monster . . . only three dollars a head!" he called, the amplified sound echoing round the streets.

Soon, a curious crowd had gathered. Quickly he collected the money, then went inside with the cattle-prod. A few minutes later he ushered the people inside the tarpaulin-tent. Antagonised by the loss of his musical box and the electric shock treatment, Terry was rampaging around the cage.

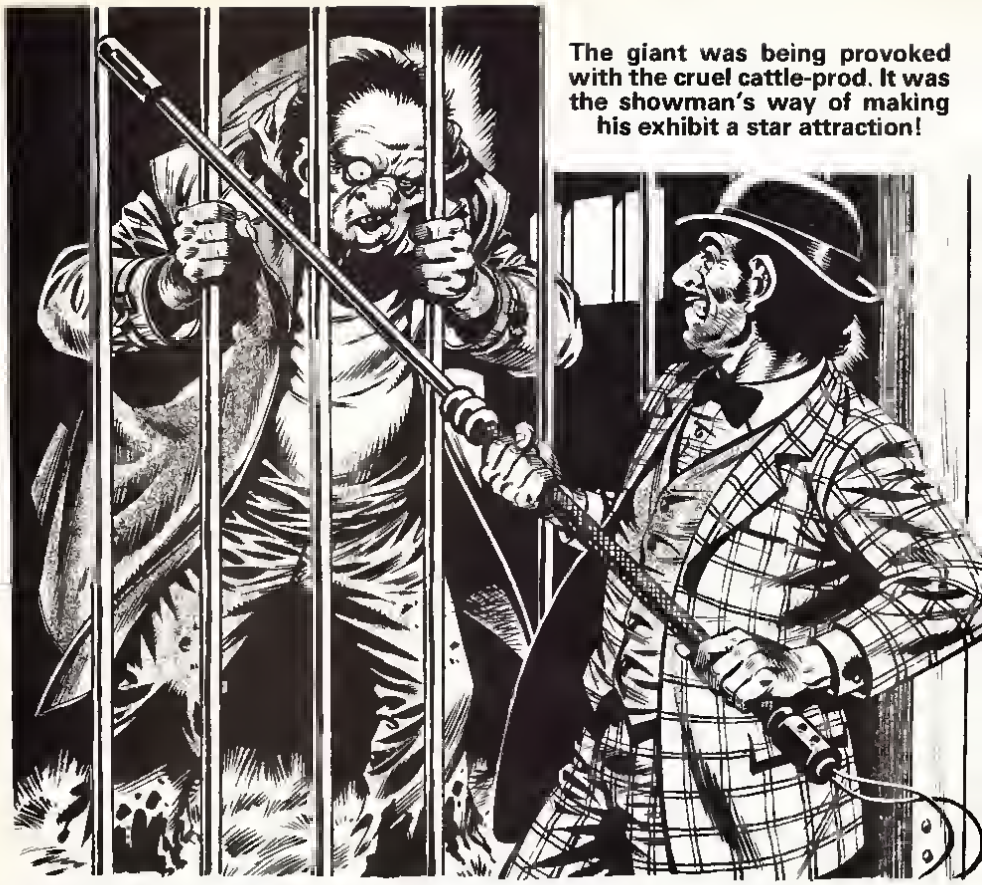
"Oooer! It's real horrible!" gasped a spectator.

"What a ghastly face!" exclaimed another. "I'll have nightmares after this!"

After a short while, Jake led the people out. "That's all, folks . . . tell your friends there'll be another show at eight o'clock this evening." Then he went back inside and gave the music box back to Terry. "Attaboy, you were brilliant!" he congratulated. "There's hundreds of towns like this . . . I'm gonna make a fortune!"

Terry was oblivious to his words, as freed from pain, he squatted in a corner with his precious toy.

There was an even bigger crowd queuing up for the evening 'perform-



The giant was being provoked with the cruel cattle-prod. It was the showman's way of making his exhibit a star attraction!

ance' due to the fact that sheepworkers were returning from their shifts in the surrounding farms. Having 'prepared' his captive, Jake was just about to let in the spectators, when there was a sudden interruption.

"Hey, look — there's that cheating drongo who took our money for that crook show in Joeyville!"

Jake turned to see half-a-dozen sheepmen angrily advancing towards him.

"Now hold it, cobbers — it was all a misunderstandin'," he said quickly. "Here's your money back and I'll even let you see my new show for free. You won't be disappointed, I promise."

The men took the money that Jake proffered and marched into the tent. "We'd better not be disappointed, Kelly — or you'll be for it!" one warned.

"Cor, stone the crows, will yer look at that!" said another, staring in awe at the huge figure glaring down at them. A heavily-built, bearded sheepman was more sceptical. "How do we know it's not just a bloke dressed up with a mask on like before?" he scoffed and put his arm into the cage. "Here, you big gorilla, give us an arm wrestle!"

"No, don't do that!" shouted Kelly.

But it was too late. Terry grabbed the intruding arm and jerked it back against the bars with all his fearsome strength. There was a loud 'crack' and the big sheepman yelled in pain. "Aaaargh! He's bust my flamin' arm! Get that swine Kelly, men!"

Jake was ahead of them! He burst out of the tent and ran for dear life round to the back of the trailer, fumbling in his pocket for his keys. Swiftly, he unlocked the metal door and jumped inside, slamming it in his pursuers' faces. Terry shuffled towards him, his eyes red and angry.

"It's all right, Terry old son," said Kelly soothingly. "I've brought your magic box..." his voice tailed away as his hand felt his pocket — it was empty! He looked down at the ground beside the cage. There lay the box where it had fallen when he dashed out. A huge shadow fell over him and his voice rose to a shrill scream...

The bush ranger unlocked the door of the police station cell and ushered in Digger Muldoon, wearing a head bandage.

Terry's friend was worried.

"There's Terry, all safe and sound, Digger... the doc's given him a shot to calm him down," he said indicating a snoring figure on the bunk. "You sure were lucky we called on you when we did, otherwise you might have been a gonner!"

"Where's Kelly?" Digger inquired, anxiously.

The ranger indicated the next cell, where a white-coated man was at work, just finishing bandaging a motionless body.

"The doc's just stopped patching him up now — he'll look a lot ugher when those bandages come off, I can tell you. Kelly spent years putting the misfits of life into cages - now he'll spend the next few years behind bars himself! As for your friend Terry — you'd better take him home now, before the big fella gets into more trouble."

A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE NASTIES AWAY — SO START SMILING, HUMANS

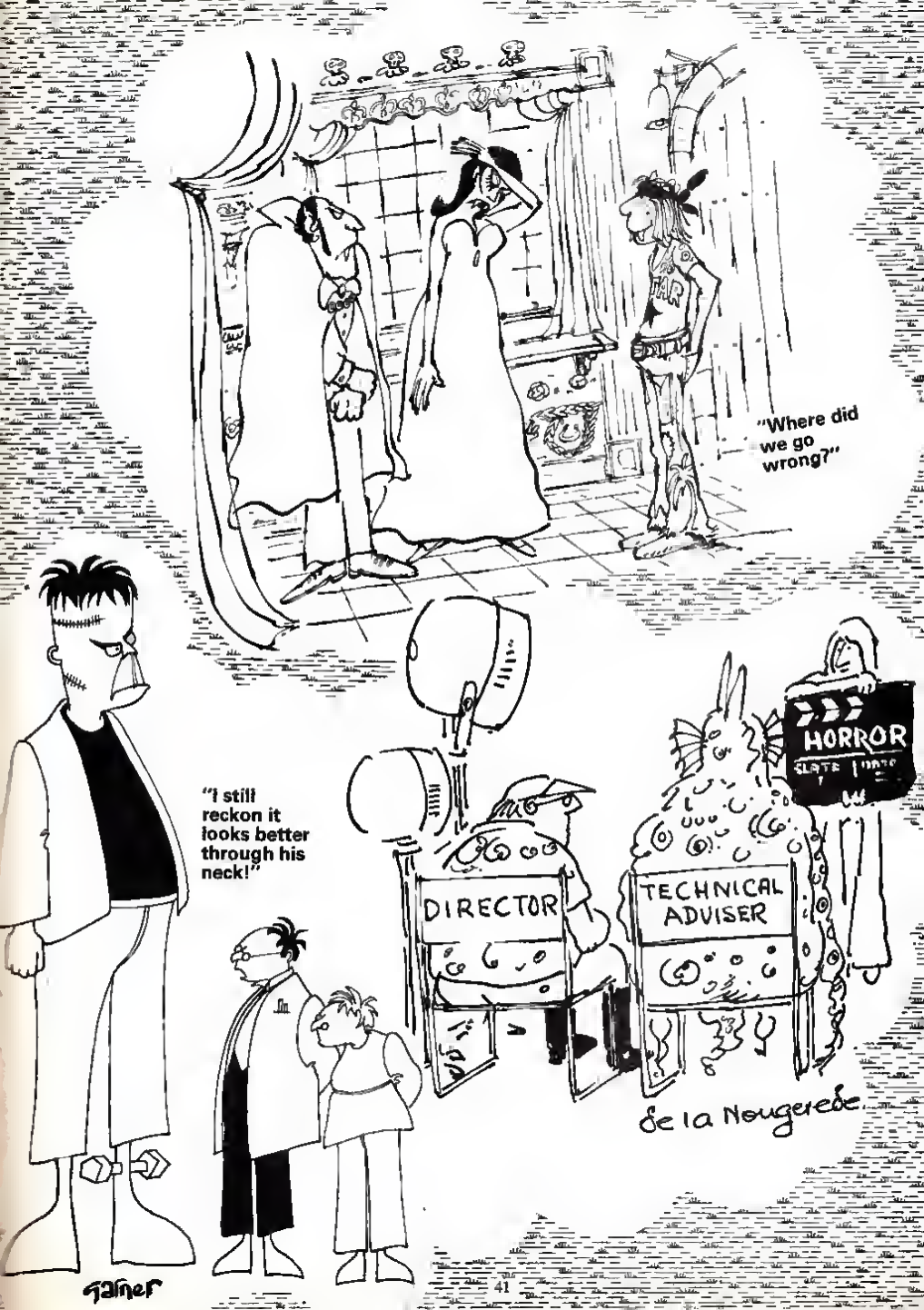
Ghastly Giggles



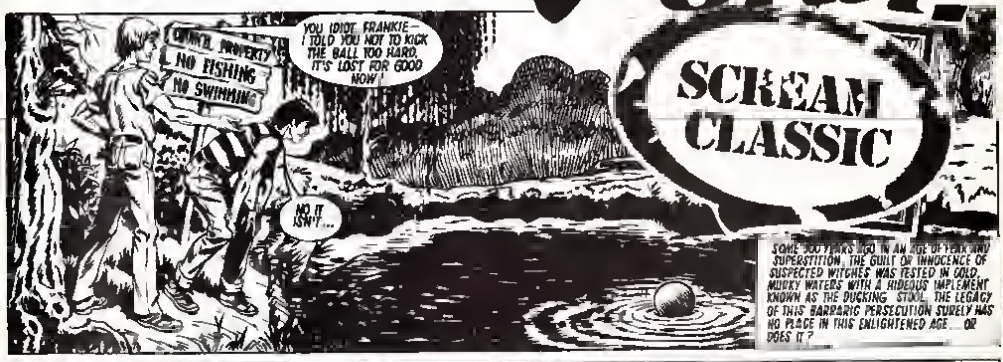







"Where did we go wrong?"
"I still reckon it looks better through his neck!"
HORROR
DIRECTOR
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Jamer

The Drowning Pond!












PANIC-STRICKEN, FRANKIE RACED BACK TO THE BANK...
A SKELETON G-GRABBED ME— IT—IT ALMOST... PULLED ME UNDER! IT WAS HORRIBLE!


LATER, AT FRANKIE'S HOME...
MY SON— HOW IS HE DOCTOR?
IN A SEVERE STATE OF SHOCK! SOMETHING IN THAT POND NEARLY SCARED HIM TO DEATH...


YOU— ER— YOU KNOW OF THE LEGEND OF THE POND, DON'T YOU? THE WITCH OF FORGE HILL...
OH, COME ON, DOC— YOU'RE NOT ASKING ME TO BELIEVE FRANKIE WAS SUBJECT TO...


WITCHCRAFT? WELL WE BOTH KNOW THAT 300 YEARS AGO, AN INFAMOUS WITCH-FINDER, MATTHEW HOPKINS, HUNTED WITCHES HERE AND HE USED THAT POND TO TRAP THEM...
SEIZE THE WITCH WOMAN!
LEAVE ME HELL'S SPAWN!

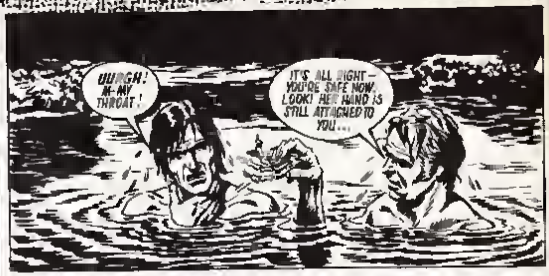

LEGEND HAS IT THAT AN OLD FLOWER SELLER, NAMED ROSIE, WAS ONE OF HIS VICTIMS. FIRST SHE SUFFERED BRUTAL TORTURE IN THE FORGE...
CONFESS THAT YOU PRAY TO THE DARK GODS WOMAN!
NEVER! UURRRGH!


THEN CAME THE DUCKING STOOL...
NOW WE WILL SEE HOW PURE YOU ARE, OLD HAG!
BIND MY BODY IF YOU WILL WITCH FINDER BUT YOU'LL NOT SHACKLE MY SOUL!


"IF SOMEONE ON THE STOOL DROWNED SHE WAS INNOCENT. BUT IF SHE DID NOT, SHE WAS EXECUTED FOR WITCHCRAFT.
CURSE THIS PLACE AND ALL HERE ULLLHHH!
LEAVE HER UNDER THIS TIME!
"THEY SAY HER SPIRIT HAUNTS THE POND TO THIS DAY."
"DEATH TAKES HER IN ETERNAL LIFE FOR SHE WAS INNOCENT. PURE. BUT BE ON YOUR GUARD— THERE ARE MANY EVIL WORSHIPPERS STILL ...
FORCES OF DARKNESS IN FORCE HILL? A HAUNTED POND? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, DOCTOR...
ME NEITHER! SO LET'S SCOTCH THE MYTHS ONCE AND FOR ALL. MY SWIM SUIT IS IN THE CAR. BRING YOURS...
AND SO...
THIS WATERPROOF TORCH WILL SHOW UP ANYTHING DOWN THERE!
BRRR! IT'S FREEZING! AND I CAN'T HELP THINKING WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME...
THE WATER FEELS COLD... UNCLEAN.
LOOK, DOCTOR— A HOSE...
THERE'S MORE, AND THEY'RE ATTACHED TO SOMETHING...
WAIT, JOHN— DON'T TOUCH IT!


YE GODS!
AAAGH! URRGHH!
IT'S DRAGGED HIM UNDER!
ROSIE'S SKELETON— AND IT'S HOLDING HIM DOWN!
I CAN'T BREAK HIM FREE! BUT THE CHAINS— I CAN USE TH— THEM...
TO... TO BREAK THE BONES! DONE IT!


G-GOT... TO GET AIR...


UUUGH! M-MY THROAT!
IT'S ALL RIGHT... YOU'RE SAFE NOW. LOOK! HER HAND IS STILL ATTACHED TO YOU...


THAT... THAT THING WAS ALIVE!
MAYBE WE JUST THOUGHT IT WAS ALIVE...


B-BUT... IT MOVED! IT WENT FOR ME!
PERHAPS WE MADE IT MOVE! THE SAME IS YOUNG FRANKIE DID. THE TURBULENCE WE MADE WHEN WE SWAM BY CAUSED IT TO MOVE. IT DIDN'T GO FOR YOU — YOU JUST GOT TANGLED UP WITH IT!


LATER WHEN FRANKIE'S FATHER RETURNED HOME...
SO YOU SEE, FRANKIE IT WAS OUR SWIMMING THAT DISTURBED ROSIE'S REMAINS — THAT'S ALL IT CAN HAVE BEEN — IT WAS NOTHING SUPERNATURAL AT ALL...
WELL — IF YOU SAY SO, DAD — BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING...


THIS ROSE I TOOK FROM HER HAND... AND THE ONES YOU SAW IN HER HAIR... WHY ARE THEY SO FRESH...?
END



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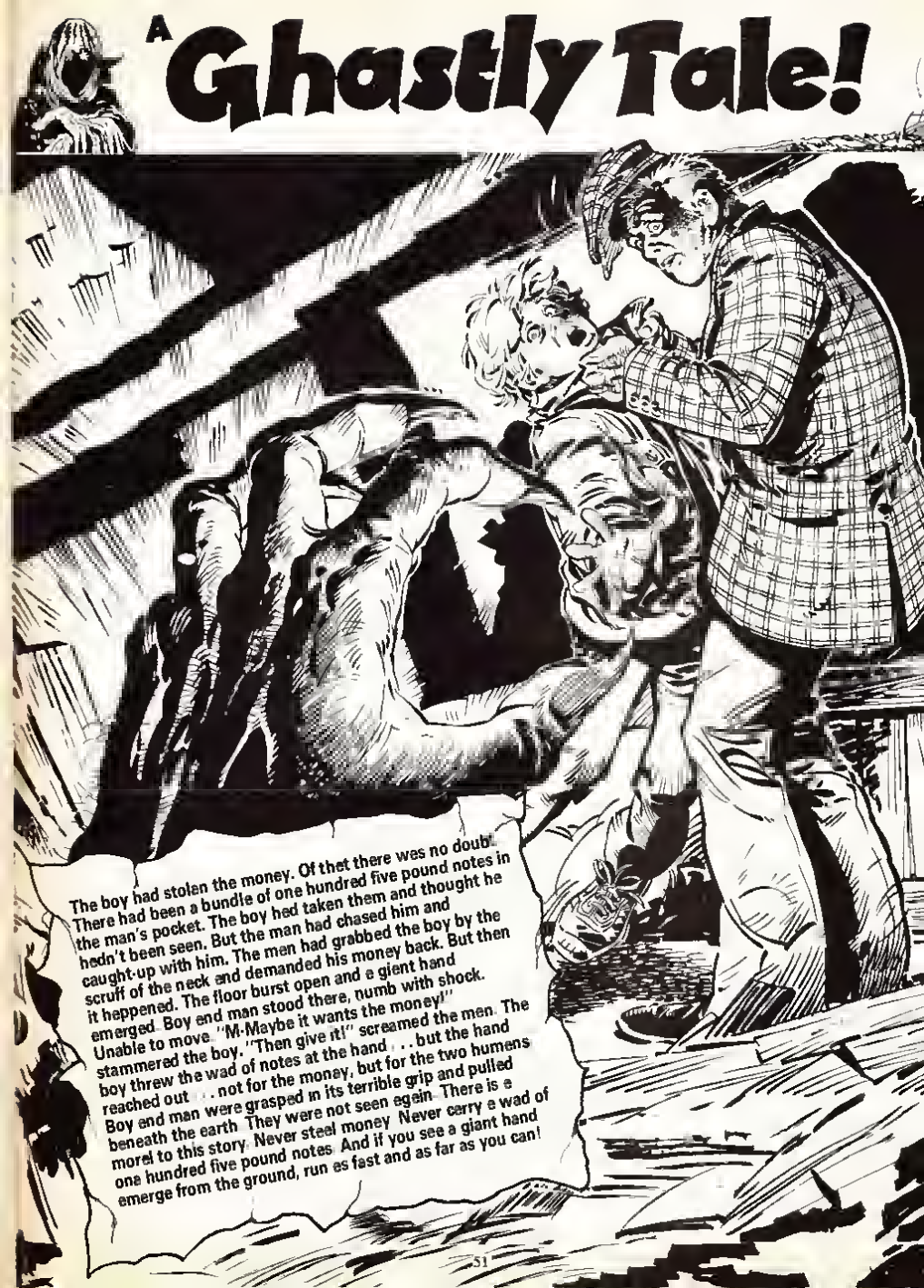
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JOHN COOPER
THE BOAT
GET ABOARD, CHARLEY YOU'LL BE FINE!
NOW IT'S GETTING DARK I KNOW I'LL BE TRAVEL SICK!
MAYBE IF I SLEEP
NO! IT IT'S STARTING TO HAPPEN I'M GETTING TRAVEL SICK! GOT TO GO ON DECK
THERE'S ONE OF THE CREW I'LL TELL HIM I'M TRAVEL SICK
OTHER PEOPLE TAKE TRAVEL SICKNESS TABLETS ONLY A SILVER BULLET CAN MAKE ME BETTER!

A Ghastly Tale!



The boy had stolen the money. Of thet there was no doubt. There had been a bundle of one hundred five pound notes in the man's pocket. The boy hed taken them and thought he hedn't been seen. But the man had chased him and caught-up with him. The men had grabbed the boy by the scruff of the neck and demanded his money back. But then it heppened. The floor burst open and e giant hand emerged. Boy end man stood there, numb with shock. Unable to move. "M-Maybe it wants the money!" stammered the boy. "Then give it!" screamed the men. The boy threw the wad of notes at the hand . . . but the hand reached out . . . not for the money, but for the two humens Boy and man were grasped in its terrible grip and pulled beneath the earth. They were not seen egein. There is e morel to this story. Never steal money. Never carry e wad of one hundred five pound notes. And if you see a giant hand emerge from the ground, run as fast and as far as you can!

SCREAM CLASSIC

All done with Wires



THE SILENCE IN THE DARKENED ROOM WAS THICK, MENACING! THE VISITOR HAD COME TO MAKE CONTACT WITH HER DEAD HUSBAND. CYRUS DOONE WAS THE MEDIUM WHO WOULD MAKE THAT POSSIBLE.

NOW, MRS. BAXTER! THE VIBRATIONS ARE RIGHT! *SPEAK!*

IS... IS ANYBODY THERE?

THERE WAS A MUFFLED, HOLLOW-SOUNDING GROAN, AND THEN...

YES-SSS, GLORIA... YES-SSS I... AM HERE.

IT... IT'S *HERMAN*, M-MY LATE HUSBAND— I'M SURE IT IS!

THE VOICE ECHOED SOFTLY AROUND THE ROOM...

I AM... HAPPY GLORIA... SO HAPPY I WILL... SPEAK TO YOU... AGAIN. BE *KIND* TO THE ONE WHO HAS... BROUGHT US... TOGETHER.

SUDDENLY...

EEEEEGH! WH-WHAT IS IT?


BE CALM, MRS. BAXTER! YOU ARE UNDER MY PROTECTION!


THIS CAN BE AN EVIL HOUSE, MRS. BAXTER. THE SPIRITS ARE RESTLESS TONIGHT – OR WE WOULD HAVE SPOKEN TO YOUR LATE HUSBAND FOR MUCH LONGER
JUST TO HEAR HIS VOICE AGAIN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS WAS ENOUGH, MR. DOONE


AS THE LADY PREPARED TO LEAVE
HERE – TAKE DOUBLE THE MONEY WE AGREED UPON!
YOU'RE TOO KIND, MRS. BAXTER!


I'LL BE IN TOUCH TO ARRANGE ANOTHER SEANCE, MR. DOONE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
AND I WILL DO ALL IN MY POWER TO ASSIST YOU, DEAR LADY!


SILLY OLD IDIOT!


CYRUS DOONE STRODE BACK INTO THE HOUSE
OKAY, FARLEY – OPEN UP ANOTHER HIGH-PAYING FARCE IS OVER!


FARLEY WAS DOONE'S ASSISTANT
FIVE HUNDRED QUID! SOME OF THESE OLD BATS HAVE MORE MONEY THAN SENSE. THEY'RE SO EASY TO STRING ALONG...
I GUESS THEY REALLY DO BELIEVE YOU'RE PUTTING 'EM IN TOUCH WITH THE DEAD, BOSS!


BUT IT'S ALL DONE BY ELECTRONICS— ALL DONE WITH WIRES!


OOOOAAA
THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON AND GHASTLY FACES SWOOP THROUGH THE AIR! MOST EFFECTIVE!


AND IT'S SURPRISING HOW MUCH INFORMATION YOU CAN FIND OUT ABOUT PEOPLE WHO'VE DIED IF YOU REALLY TRY
THEY NEVER SUSPECT IT ISN'T THEIR LOVED ONES SPEAKIN'

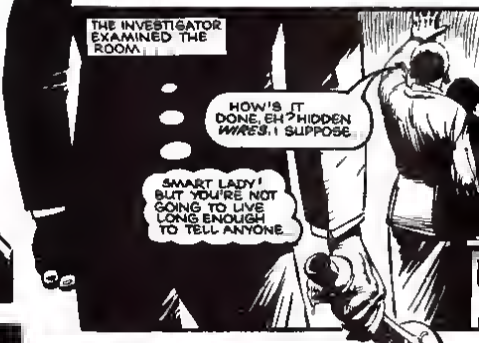

YOUR MUFFLED VOICE HISSING THROUGH THESE CEILING SPEAKERS SOUNDS EXACTLY AS THOUGH IT COMES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!
I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE THEY WANT TO BELIEVE IT, BOSS— THEY'RE DESPERATE!


A FEW NIGHTS LATER, DOONE'S NEXT CUSTOMER WAS MRS VAN HOFFER
IS IS ANYONE THERE?
YES, MILDRED, I AM HERE— YOUR HUSBAND, NORMAN!


HOW LONG IT SEEMS SINCE WE LAST SAW EACH OTHER, YOU MUST BE KIND TO OUR FRIEND CYRUS DOONE.
JUST AS I THOUGHT. ABSOLUTE RUBBISH!


NONE OF DOONE'S CAREFULLY PLANNED SEANCES HAD EVER ENDED LIKE THIS!
I'M NOT POOR, BEREAVED MILDRED VAN HOFFER— I'M AN INVESTIGATOR FROM THE PSYCHIC RESEARCH BUREAU! I'M AFRAID YOUR 'SPOOKS' CUT NO ICE WITH ME.


FARLEY LISTENED IN HORROR.
WE'VE BEEN SUSPICIOUS OF YOU FOR SOME TIME, DOONE!
THEY'VE RUMBLED US!


THE INVESTIGATOR EXAMINED THE ROOM.
HOW'S IT DONE, EH? HIDDEN WIRES, I SUPPOSE.
SMART LADY! BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ANYONE.


AAARGH!
GOOD GRIEF! HE... HE'S DONE HER IN!


SEE YOU IN THE NEXT WORLD, LADY— WE'VE GOT A GOOD THING GOING, AND NO SNOOPER LIKE YOU IS GOING TO BREAK IT UP!


BUT, BEFORE FARLEY COULD ENTER THE ROOM...
HUH? THE DOOR! IT SLAMMED SHUT! GOSH...?
AROUND DOONE, GHOSTLY FIGURES BEGAN TO FORM...
FARLEY— SWITCH THE EFFECT OFF, YOU FOOL!
I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING ...I LEFT IT ALL TURNED OFF LET ME IN!
ANOTHER ONE FOR US, I THINK...
YES— I'VE GOT CONTROL OF HIM NOW
HUH?
ANOTHER SMOOTH TAKE-OVER STILL, NO POINT IN HANGING AROUND ...LET'S CUT HIS WIRES!
NO! NOOOO!
IT'S OUR JOB TO TAKE CONTROL OF EVIL PEOPLE WHEN THEY GO TOO FAR. PEOPLE LIKE HIM ONLY SEE JUST BEFORE THEY DIE...
...THAT IT'S ALL DONE WITH WIRES!
END

A Ghastly Tale!



REVENGE!

HENRY PARKER LOVED HIS PORSCHE. HE TOOK THE LONG WAY HOME OVER THE HILLS SO THE CAR, AND DRIVER, WOULD BE PUSHED TO THE LIMIT...

BUT HENRY WAS ABOUT TO FIND OUT HE HAD MADE A BAD MISTAKE!

SOMEONE STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD!

OUT OF MY WAY, IDIOT! ARE YOU TRYING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED?

IT IS TOO LATE FOR THAT.

GOT TO REVERSE OUT OF HERE...

YOU HAVE NO CHANCE OF ESCAPE...

...FAR TOO LATE!

YAAAHHH!

...NO CHANCE AT ALL!

IT... IT'S B-BEHIND ME NOW!


I D-DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE; B-BUT I'M NOT GOING TO HANG AROUND TO FIND OUT!
LEAVING ALREADY HENRY?
GOOD... IT'S NOT FOLLOWING...
BUT THEN...
TH-THERE'S SOMETHING ON THE ROAD AHEAD...
...BLOOD!
YES, HENRY— BLOOD! SOON YOURS WILL BE ADDED TO IT!
YOU WON'T GET ME! I'LL RUN YOU DOWN FIRST!


FOOL! THE DEAD CANNOT BE KILLED AGAIN!
THE CAR'S GOING RIGHT THROUGH HIM!
ONLY THE LIVING CAN DIE!
J-JUST MISSED ME!
G-GOT TO GET AWAY ON FOOT..
GOING SOMEWHERE, HENRY?
WE WANT YOU, HENRY!
YOU WILL HAVE TO RUN VERY QUICKLY!
JOIN US, HENRY!
THERE IS NO ESCAPE!
S-SOMETHING FORMING AHEAD OF ME...
KEEP RUNNING THIS WAY, HENRY!
ENTER THE MOUTH OF DOOM AND DIE!
NOOOOO!


YOUR LIFE IS AT AN END, HENRY PARKER!
S-SOMEONE... SOMETHING DRIVING MY CAR!
LET THE COLD HAND OF DE TH CLAIM YOU!
TH-THEY'RE HOLDING ME IN THE CAR'S PATH TH-THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!
IT IS HAPPENING, HENRY! IT REALLY IS!
AAARRGGHH!
IT WAS SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE A PASSING MOTORIST REACHED THE SCENE AND CALLED THE POLICE...
WHAT DO YOU RECKON HAPPENED, INSPECTOR?
WHO KNOWS? IN ALL MY TIME ON THE FORCE I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS!
I WOULD HAVE SAID IT WAS SOME SORT OF ACCIDENT, BUT FOR THE SHATTERED WIND-SCREEN, THE DEEP CUT IN THE PASSENGER SEAT AND THE FACT THAT SOMEONE LEFT THE HANDBRAKE ON!
MAYBE THIS IS ONE MYSTERY WE'LL NEVER SOLVE.
IT WON'T BE THE FIRST AROUND HERE! SIX MONTHS AGO, A MOTORIST WHOSE CAR HAD RUN OUT OF PETROL WAS KNOCKED DOWN AND KILLED BY A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER AT THIS EXACT SPOT!
WE NEVER TRACED THE OTHER DRIVER... FUNNY THING IS, A WITNESS SAID THE HIT-AND-RUN CAR WAS A PORSCHE AS WELL!
VENGEANCE IS COMPLETE- NOW I MAY REST IN PEACE!
END



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